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COUNTING DOWN SOUTH.

The only objection ever made to me in this county as a legislator, was made by the wimin 'cause I was a bachelor, and I never told you afore why I remained in a state of number one.

No feller stays single premeditated, and in course a hansom feller like me, who all the gals declar to be as enticin' as a jay bird, was not fixin' to stay alone if he could help it. I did see a creeper once, name So'y Alason, up the Cumberland nigh onto Nashville, Tennessee, that I took an orful hankerin' arter, and I sot in to lookin' anxious for matrimony, and I gin to go reg'lar to meetin', and tak a dressin' tremendous finned, jest to see if I could win her good opinion.

She got to lookin' at me kind o' slyly, just as a horse does at something he's seart at, when, arter champin' at a distance for a while I sidled up to her and blarsted out a few words about the saruin—she says yes; but cuss me if I knew whether that were the right answer or not, and I'm thinkin' she didn't know nuther.

Well, we lafed and talked a lee-tle all that way long to her daddy's, and thar I give her the best bend I had in me, and raisin' my bran new hat as pert and perille as a minister, lookin' all the time so enticin' that I set the gal tremblin'. Her old daddy had a powerful numerous lot of niggers, and lived right a jinin' my place, while on the other side lived Jake Simmons, a sneakin' cute varmint, who war wusser than a nigger for stinginess, and no sooner did this cussed sarpin' see me a sidlin' up to Sofy, than he went to slickin' up too, and sot his self to work to cut me out.

That ar war a struggle ekil to the battle of Orleans. Fast some new fix-up of Jake's would take her eye, and then I'd sport somethin' that would outshine him, till at last Jake gin in tryin to out-dress me, and sot to thinkin' of somethin' else.

Our farms war jest the same number of acres, and we both had three niggers apiece. Jake knowed that Sofy and her dad kept a sharp look-out for the main chance, so he thought he'd clear me out by hyin' a nuther nigger. But I followed suit, and bought one then arter he bought this, so he had no advantage thar. He then got a cow, and so did I, and then—jest then, both our pussers gin out.

One Sunday mornin' I war a lee-tle late to meetin', and when I got thar the fast thing I seed war Jake Simmons settin' close hang agin Sofy, in the same pew with her daddy. I biled away with wrath, and then turned sout; I could taste myself. Thar they war, singin' him's out'n the same book. Je-e-minny, feller's, I war so enormous mad that the new silk handkercher round my neck lost its color.

Arter meetin' war out they walked linked arms, a smilin' and lookin' as pleased as a young couple at their cristenin' and Sofy turned her cold shoulder to me so orful, that I wilted down and gin right straight up—Jake had, her and thar war no disputin' it.

I headed towards home, with my hands as fur in my britches pockets as I could push 'em, swarin' all the way that she war the last one that would ever git a chance to rile my feelings. Passin' by Jake's plantation, I looked over the fence, and thar stood an explanation of the matter, right facin' the road, whar every one passin' could see it: his consarned cow was tied to a stake

in the garden, with a most promising calf alongside of her. The calf jest soured my milk, and made Sofy think a feller who war always gittin' ahead like Jake, war a right smart chance for a lively husband.

A shout of laughter here drowned Suggs' voice. As soon as silence was restored, he added, in a solemn voice, with one eye shut and his forefinger pointed at his auditors:

"What's a cussed sight wusser than gittin' Sofy, war the fact that he borrowed the calf the night afore of Elliek Harley. Arter the varmint got Sofy hitched he told the joke all over the settlement, and the boys never seed me arterwards that they didn't bah, bah, for lettin' a calf cut me out of the gal's affections. I'd a shot Jake, but I thort it war a free country, and the gal had a right to choose without bein' made a widder, so I sold out and traveled. I've allers sence then, boys, thort that wimin war a good deal like licker—if you love 'em too hard, they ar shore to throw you some way."

The Sultan and Doctor.

The Philadelphia Bulletin has the following in a letter from a foreign correspondent, writing from Turkey:

There is an amusing story afloat at the expense of the Duke of Brabant—if it prove not to the expense of the Sultan—to the effect that, when his Highness was occupying the palace at Emirghian, seventeen pipes and narghiles were sent to him from the royal palace of Delma Baghtche, to be placed at his service during his residence at the capital. These seventeen pipes and narghiles were all handsomely amber-mouthed, and richly mounted with diamonds and other precious stones. One narghile was worth 250,000 piasters, and seven pipes were worth 300,000. The Duke was exceedingly struck with their beauty, and uttered such extravagant expressions of admiration, that His Majesty felt there was but one answer to be returned—"Alsinter," said he, "let him take them."

And he took them. It was a neat pocketing of £7,000.

It must have been the Sultan's chagrin at this circumstance, that about this time made him fall ill. He sent for his favorite physician. Now, this physician, a well-known Greek of Pera, had had the good fortune, about twelve months previous, to relieve the royal frame of a small amount of fever and ague, for which he had received unbounded honors and munificent gifts, a palace also, having ever since been in process of building for him.

"You cured me once," said the Sultan, "cure me now."

The symptoms succeeding the swallowing of the "chagrin" of the narghile and pipe having been examined, an emetic was administered and the physician withdrew. But while the doctor was in the seventh heaven of expectation, his royal patient found himself in the predicament of the man who said it was "no use to give him an emetic, for never could keep it down." His Majesty believed that he had been poisoned. The physician was arrested and thrown into prison; the building of the palace was stopped, and no one can tell what other measures might have been resorted to, had not twelve other physicians, after much discussion, decided that the peculiar nature of the disease required the very symptoms produced by the medicine.

From the New York Herald. The African Slave Trade—Its Profits and Prosperity.

The Evening Post, the New York Tribune, and other anti-slavery journals in this city, are discharging themselves of such a mass of special and minute information about the movement of slavers, and the activity of the slave trade in New York, New London, New Bedford and Boston, that it seems highly probable they are stockholders or secret agents in the business. These ports in which the slavers are fitted out, belong to the most rabid anti-slavery States, and there can be no doubt that the vessels are the property of the Republicans in these several places. The profits of the trade are so great that they can well afford to contribute a hundred thousand dollars or more towards the election of an anti-slavery President. From lists published a short time ago in the Post and Tribune, it appeared that eighty-six slavers had appeared in this port and the other ports we have mentioned, and from farther cases since reported, the number cannot now be far short of one hundred sail. The net proceeds on a cargo of five hundred slaves are at the lowest estimate \$100,000, which is only an average profit of \$200 per head. The sum total of the profits of the "blackbird fleet" of one hundred vessels would therefore amount to ten millions of dollars, and this estimate makes an allowance of five millions for expenses and losses. From these facts and figures it is evident that it is a most profitable, prosperous business, and accordingly we are informed by the Post that steamships are about to give a new activity to the traffic, and that they will be packed with some three thousand negroes, whose aggregate prices would sum up about a million of dollars.

One instance is mentioned by both our anti-slavery contemporaries, of 450 negroes being landed on the 30th of June from an American bark, and sold publicly in the streets of Trinidad, at an average of \$650 each. The gross proceeds of the cargo would be \$292,500, which, for one hundred "blackbirds," would amount to upwards of twenty-nine millions of dollars, leaving a clear profit of from twenty to twenty-five millions. It is added, in the Post, that the Government of Trinidad received in this transaction \$30,000 hush money. Now, it may be fairly asked, how these who are not interested or implicated in the trade themselves can be so well posted in this matter of bribery, or make up the lists of slavers which have appeared in their journals. How can they be so minutely-informed of the names of the vessels, their captains, the ports from which they have sailed, the number of slaves they land, the prices received for them, and the "hush money" to corrupt Governors, unless they are secret partners in the trade? If they are possessed of all this information, they must have known of the fitting out of every vessel before she sailed. Why did they not give information to the authorities before the bird had flown, unless they had an interest in concealing her flight till it was too late. Once these ships have made their voyages and landed their cargoes, and the owners have realized fortunes, they and their agents may then inform the public that such operations were made, the legal evidence against those concerned being no longer in existence. They can thus afford to be severe in their denunciations

of the slave traffic, and call it "infamous," having the prices of the Africans in their pockets, or snugly deposited to their credit in banks, and they can also afford to bleed copiously for the purchase of campaign documents to secure the election of Old Abe Lincoln. Like sleek Joseph Surface, in the "School for Scandal," who zealously preached up sentiments of morality to his wild brother Charles at the very moment that he had Sir Peter Teazle's wife concealed for a criminal purpose in his room, the anti-slavery leaders are most enthusiastic against the slave traffic at the very time that they are enjoying its profits and doing a thriving business in human flesh.

An Inquisitive Yankee.

A gentleman riding in an Eastern railroad car, which was rather scantily supplied with passengers, observed on the seat before him a lean, slab-sided Yankee; every feature of his face seemed to ask a question, and a little circumstance soon proved that he possessed a most inquisitive mind. Before him, occupying an entire seat, sat a lady dressed in deep black. Our Yankee, after shifting his position several times, and macaivering to get an opportunity to look into her face, at length caught her eye.

"In affliction?" "Yes, sir," responded the lady. "Parent?—father or mother?" "No, sir." "Child, perhaps?—boy or girl?" "No, sir, not a child; I have no children?" "Husband, then, I expect?" "Yes," was the curt answer. "Hum!—cholera?—a tradin' man, may be?" "My husband was a sea-faring man—the captain of a vessel; he didn't die of cholera, he was drowned."

"O, drowned, eh!" pursued the inquisitor, hesitating for a brief instant.

"Saved his chist?" "Yes, the vessel was saved, and my husband's effects," said the widow.

"Was they?" asked the Yankee, brightening up.

"Pious man?" "He was a member of the Methodist church."

The next question was a little delayed, but it came.

"Don't you think you have a great cause to be thankful he was a pious man and saved his chist?"

"I do," said the widow abruptly, and turning her head to look out of the window. The indefatigable "bump" changed his position once more held the widow by his glittering eye, and propounded one more query, in a little lower tone, with his head slightly inclined forward, over the back of the seat:

"Was you calculating to git married agin?"

"Sir," said the widow, indignantly, "You are impertinent!" And she left her seat and took another on the other side of the car.

"Pears to be a little huffy?" said the ineffable bore, turning to our narrator behind him; "she needn't be mad, I don't want to hurt her feelin's. What did you pay for that umbrella you've got in your hand? Its a real poorty one."

"An honest man's the noblest work of the Lord!" enthusiastically exclaimed a hard shell Baptist; and then, after a pause, he added—"but the Lord hasn't had a job in the world for fifty years. Pass around the sasser."